



It Comes At Night

deadwife

It Comes At Night by deadwife

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Dubious Consent, F/M, Fingering, Horror, No fluffy Pennywise, Self-Hatred, Sexual Frustration, Sexual Tension, Sexual Violence

Language: English

Characters: Original Character, Original Female Character(s), Pennywise (IT)

Relationships: Pennywise (IT)/Original Character(s), Pennywise (IT)/Reader

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-25

Updated: 2017-10-25

Packaged: 2020-01-29 13:59:17

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Rape/Non-Con

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,997

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

"What is that?" She was unsure if he was asking himself or her. He pulled away to look at her, his hand moving down to squeeze her throat. He growled, a deep rumble from his chest, and showed his teeth like a wild animal. "What are you doing?"

It Comes At Night

Author's Note:

- Inspired by [Not Just Fear](#) by [RigorMorton](#).

I've been so addicted to/inspired by all these Pennywise fics, so I finally gave in and wrote my own shameless filth. I made this account just to post this story. Be warned, there is NO fluff, this is more of a horror than a romance.

So I hope you like it, and any feedback is welcome!

She saw his eyes first.

In the inky corner of the room, beyond the light from the window, the unblinking yellow orbs shone like feline eyes.

She drew back and froze.

She figured she might have accidentally dozed off and started dreaming. She blinked and squinted, waiting for their true form to unfold from the mirage—passing car headlights, the reflection of a mirror or glass frame—or perhaps for them to disappear entirely, to wake up with a shuddering gasp.

She watched, and the eyes did nothing but watch back.

With a groan from the floorboards, they seemed to grow larger. A tight knot of paralyzing terror twisted through her—it was coming towards her.

Her eyes were glassy and wide, heart drumming and skin erupting with goosebumps as it crept into the pale square of moonlight. A face white as bone surfaced from the lake of shadow, the eyes blazing out from blackened sockets.

Her mouth stretched open to scream, but no sound emerged from her clenched throat.

He towered above her, his head seeming to reach the ceiling. His glistening red mouth, pulled into a horrible grin that stretched up past his eyes like two claw-marks, broadcasted protruding rabbit-like teeth. The tip of his nose was painted the same dark red as his lips. Flames of orange hair encompassed his massive alien-shaped head, of which the skin was cracked and opaque like decades old paint.

He was dressed in a silver clown costume, the silk gleaming in the lavender light despite its filth. It was so elaborate and ambiguously old-fashioned it was almost comical, but it only made him more unsettling; satirically large ruffles drooped at his collar and sleeves, swollen tufts of pleated fabric at the shoulders, and a row of orange pom poms trailed down the cinched waist, curving into large billowing bloomers. From here, he looked almost like an antique, porcelain figurine come to life.

Now just a few feet before her, he whispered her name with devious secrecy, as if they were two childhood friends sharing secrets. His voice was low and hoarse, with a strained high pitch like feigned politeness. He took a theatrical step closer with his spindly ruffled leg, and snickered maliciously when she took a shaky step back. "Where are you going?" he cooed, and flamboyantly offered her his gloved hand. "Won't you come join ol' Pennywise?"

She stepped back into the wall behind her, pressing her body into it as if she could disappear into it. The door was in the distance behind him, inaccessible. She had nowhere else to run.

With inhuman speed, he clambered the rest of the distance between them, and suddenly her feet were between his pointed, pom pomed shoes.

"Please," she managed to squeak out.

"Please?" He mocked, leaning down close to her face so she could feel the caress of his breath. She shut her eyes and turned away, but he snatched her chin back in place. "Look at me, sweetheart." The pet name felt strangely humiliating. "*Look at me.*"

Reluctantly, she looked.

His face, alarming from a distance, was far more grotesque up close.

His eyes went in two different directions, his right eye wandering severely out of alignment, like a caricature of a madman. They were uncannily both familiar and unfamiliar—of human shape, but of inhuman substance. She was humbled and awestruck by the tremendous power within them—vast and eternal as the abyss of starlit sky, and still as deadly and mystifying as the raging torrents of the sea. It was hard to look into them; she could feel them pulling her in like quicksand, tempting her to get lost in the depths of madness from which she might never return, but she couldn't look away. She knew intuitively that death was upon her.

Tearing her gaze away from his eyes, she noticed with revulsion that his chin glittered with saliva, running down from his mouth like a ravenous dog. He reeked of something sickly sweet, with an undercurrent of dank rot, like an apple gone soft with decomposition. A strange energy emanated from him, an unsettling quality indicating he did not belong to this world, that this humanoid body could barely contain what was inside. His presence was unnatural, offensive to the natural order. But despite her repulsion, she found herself warily captivated by his celestial nature.

Her veins burned with the urge to flee, but the paralysis of terror, and perhaps helplessness, kept her body rigid.

An involuntary, shuddering sob escaped her.

“Don't cry, my darling!” With a gloved finger he wiped away the tear that had begun running down her face. She trembled at his gentle touch, awful tingles bursting all over her body from the contact. He cackled like a hyena, his face lighting up with delight at her reaction. “My, my, you are a little scaredy-cat! Tightly wound, bursting with fear like an overripe berry. You will be a tasty treat, indeed.”

He swept his hand softly along the side of her face, an imitation of intimacy. “There, there, sweet girl. Don't be sad—you'll be floating soon, like the rest.” He guffawed again, and, his abnormally large hand still cupping her face, squeezed her cheeks with his thumb and forefinger as you would a child. He planted a soft, wet kiss on the top of her forehead; intense waves of revulsion pulsed through her,

cracking her open to release a frantic, desperate scream. Under her outcry, Pennywise howled with merciless, maniacal laughter.

“Easy prey, easy prey, easy prey!” he chanted like an overjoyed child. He stooped down to the crook of her neck, his breath sweltering and unwelcome, sending more violent chills down her spine. “Easy—” he stopped abruptly, and hesitantly pulled back from her neck. She felt a small twinge of relief, but it soon passed as she saw the expression on his face. It had become solemn, with an uncharacteristic sincerity. It was somehow more terrifying than the laughter.

He scowled suspiciously at her, narrowed eyes searching her face. He leaned into her again. “What is that?” She was unsure if he was asking himself or her. He pulled away to look at her, his hand moving down to squeeze her throat. He growled, a deep rumble from his chest, and showed his teeth like a wild animal. “What are you doing?” His voice was low and dangerous.

In one quick motion, he pulled her away from wall and slammed her back, a loud thud echoing through the room. She cried out from the numbing agony shooting through her head and spine. His face had returned to her neck, only this time he buried his face in her hair, and then dragged his curious, painted nose along her face, inhaling her scent. Every nerve in her body was screaming, every muscle tight with abject horror—she wasn’t sure how much longer she could take it.

He returned to her face, pressing his nose to hers. His senseless eyes had developed a molten red rim, like bloody egg yolks. Each lurching breath of his rattled with a low grumble. When he spoke, each word was slow and deliberate. “You smell... different than the rest. Why is that?”

She swallowed thickly. He shook her when she didn’t reply, barking angrily, “*Why?*”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about!” She pleaded, her voice distorted from the pressure of his hand on her neck. He released her with a sneer, tossing her from his grip with an irritated dismissal.

“Stupid humans,” he muttered with contempt, his top lip curling into

a snarl. He was still searching her face, clearly frustrated by his confusion; nevertheless his eyes twinkled with curiosity. “You’re positively delectable, do you know that?”

Suddenly, he took her by the waist and lifted her up as if she weighed no more than paper, and brought her up to his face so he could bury it into the curve of her shoulder. His nails dug into her sides. He let out a strange, guttural noise into her ear, almost a groan but not quite. “What is that,” he whispered, seemingly to himself, “What are you feeling that smells so good, huh? It’s not just fear. I know what fear smells like.” She felt a soft, hot wetness trail from the corner of her jaw to the apex of her cheekbone. His tongue. A quiet growl crawled out of his throat, and she felt the soft wet licks move to her neck.

“Oh God, stop, please,” she heard herself cry, desperate.

“Stop?” He pressed his dripping mouth on her ear, and she could feel his smile. “But you taste so darn good.” He licked along her ear, and suddenly, his mouth was sucking hard on her neck, so hard it hurt. This was apparently her breaking point, for she suddenly became aware of her arms, and, with a spurt of ferocious adrenaline, tried with every ounce of strength she had to push him off, to get down. His hands, however, larger and infinitely stronger than hers, grappled her wrists and pinned them at her sides. She stayed in place, his body keeping her pinned to the wall. She squirmed defiantly, trying to get loose to no avail. Pennywise grunted, lost in the euphoria of her scent, seemingly completely unaware or indifferent to her determined struggling.

“You smell so good.” His voice had become primal and uncontrolled, the clownish performance long forgotten. An unnatural rumble echoed behind it like the beginnings of an earthquake, his true demonic voice seeping through the façade.

Before she could realize what was happening, she felt a scorching pain strike up the back of her skull. She discovered herself on the floor, and Pennywise was hovering above me, holding her down with his weight. His eyes were wide and wild, his pupils disturbingly dilated in those satanic, bleeding yolks. She was hyperventilating so violently she was surprised she was still conscious.

"What is it, huh?" He shook her shoulders roughly, banging her head against the floor. *"I wanna know what it is! I want it! I want it I want it IwantitIwantit..."* He lunged down, his devouring mouth claiming her neck again. This time his teeth sank into her skin, drawing blood, which he began to suck. He continued down to her collarbone, teeth scraping the thin flesh, feeding on the trickles blood. In the wake of his mouth was a damp trail that made the wounded skin underneath feel cold and stinging. His hands came up to the collar of her shirt, and he effortlessly pulled fabric in two. She instinctively went to cover her bare breasts, but his hands were on hers immediately, ruthlessly pressing her arms into the floor until they were numb. "Don't be shy," he scolded. The silk of his costume was cool against her feverish, newly exposed skin. His mouth traveled down between her breasts, nestling his face in the valley between them and inhaling deeply. She screamed uncontrollably, dizzy and exhausted from the endless trauma, the frenzied fear. This was all encouraging him—peeking up from her chest, he watched her as his pink snakelike tongue emerged from his mouth, and lapped purposefully along her stiffened nipple. He sucked roughly at the tender bud, and went to the other to do the same, adding a sharp little bite. Her screams had ebbed into feverish sobs, her chest heaving, her nerves ablaze from so many intrusive touches. Low, quiet giggles wafted from Pennywise as he assaulted her vulnerable body.

He came back up to her face, drool oozing down onto her face in fat droplets. Some fell into her mouth, cold and viscous. His teeth, she only then noticed, had transformed into a row of fangs that made his lips jut unnaturally. He moved his hands to her face, and brought his mouth down onto hers. His tongue was like a worm in her mouth. It didn't feel like a kiss, and it wasn't a kiss—he was tasting, curiously inspecting this new flavour of food before committing to a bite, or perhaps trying to savour as much as he could without killing her.

He rose up off her, and the sinister glee had fully returned to his face. His eyes, however, were still dark with some kind of predatory excitement. A thick strand of drool was still connecting their mouths. She wanted to throw up, but wasn't sure if her body had the energy left even for that. Never taking his eyes off hers, he removed both his gloves. In the dark, she couldn't quite see his hands, only the vague shape of long pointed nails—claws. He put his bare hand on her face.

It was warm like a human hand, and shockingly gentle. It ran down her cheek, stroking her quivering lips with one soft finger, down over her chin to her chest, down over her breasts, to her stomach. Her body was so drained it seemed to have gone almost limp, despite the tears still coursing down her face. His touch almost felt comforting on her loosened muscles. It was only now, after the constricting grip of terror had finally subsided, that she discovered the warmth pulsating from between her thighs. She closed her eyes, feeling a twinge of guilt, and a new wave of disgust directed at herself. Her face flushing with shame, she felt a new pull of dread.

His finger lingered on her abdomen. She opened her eyes, seeing him still perched on top of her, straddling her thighs now. He watched her intently with an expression she couldn't read.

His gaze moved from her eyes down to her jeans. Her eyes followed, and remained. She couldn't look up at him, couldn't see the expression on his face, couldn't confront her humiliation. She wanted to close her eyes and pretend she was somewhere far away. Instead, she met his eyes. Her expression had already confirmed his suspicion, and his mouth spread triumphantly, eyes bright with pleased astonishment. "Is *that* it?"

She swallowed hard and said nothing.

Without breaking eye contact, his hands went to the hem of her jeans. She didn't tremble. The comforting cradle of defeat dragged her under, and she felt ready to accept submission. Nonetheless, she cried softly at what was to come.

Pennywise wet his lips, slid down slightly to pull her legs out from under him, and yanked her jeans off with one powerful swipe of his arm. She was in just her underwear. He knelt at her pelvis, forcing her to plant her feet on either side of him in a sickeningly intimate gesture. His silky knees brushed the bottom of her fleshy thighs.

He went to prod her legs open, but to her own surprise she clenched them together with a dull *slap*. He snarled and seized her knees, prying them open easily, stretching her hip joints too far. "You can't hide from me," he warned, and the look in his eyes made her give up any hope of fighting back. He continued to glower, but his lips lifted

in satisfaction.

His finger stroked along the damp spot of her underwear. Without warning, he ripped the cotton right off her body, leaving her completely bare. She longed to cover herself, but she knew it would be futile. His demonic, childlike face studied the exposed region with honest curiosity, eyes glassy and transfixed, plump lips gaping carelessly. Saliva drizzled over her abdomen and down between her legs. Reaching down, he gave her swollen lips an experimental stroke. Still in denial, she tried to stay expressionless as he monitored her face, but small tremors of fear and pleasure threatened to break her stoicism. His finger slipped into the wet entrance, an unfamiliar sensation. Although she made no sound, her breath caught, her nostrils flared, and her pulse quickened. He swirled his finger around, exploring her depths, and one spot in particular induced an audible pant. He slid a second finger in.

"I've never met one like you," he said, watching her with fierce interest, his voice uncharacteristically tender. She wasn't sure who she hated more, him or herself. "You like it as much as I do. Dirty girl, aren't you?" His smile was sinister as he drove his fingers further into her. He withdrew his fingers, and trailed one up along the delicate folds, and gently pressed on the small nub at the top. A small, pathetic whine escaped her, and she arched her back, lifting her hips into his touch. Eyes never leaving her face, he retracted his hand to brazenly taste his glistening fingers, as if they were covered in icing. She flushed with both arousal and degradation. "I think you're my new favorite."

She noticed a stiff bulge on her thigh as he moved back up to eye-level. His pupils were still dilated; with hunger or arousal she couldn't tell.

"I will devour you," he seethed, barely audible. "But not yet. Not yet. I want to play first, season up this fine meat. You will make a divine meal." He laughed, and leaned down to force a small, menacing kiss on her lips. "And don't try anything funny, Rach. I'm always watching."

He rose in one graceful motion and marched backwards into the depths of room, mirthful eyes never leaving her, until the shadows

swallowed him whole. Her eyes scanned the darkness for any sign of him still lingering, but in his absence the air felt inexplicably thinner, lighter, and she knew he had vanished.

She lay glued to the hardwood floor, suddenly very cold. Pieces of shredded clothing were scattered along the ground next to her battered body. Her insides felt nauseous and strangely hollow, as though he had taken part of her with him. She didn't know how to move forward, so she stayed there until the golden rays of dawn pooled into the room, uncovering the empty corner from which he had emerged.